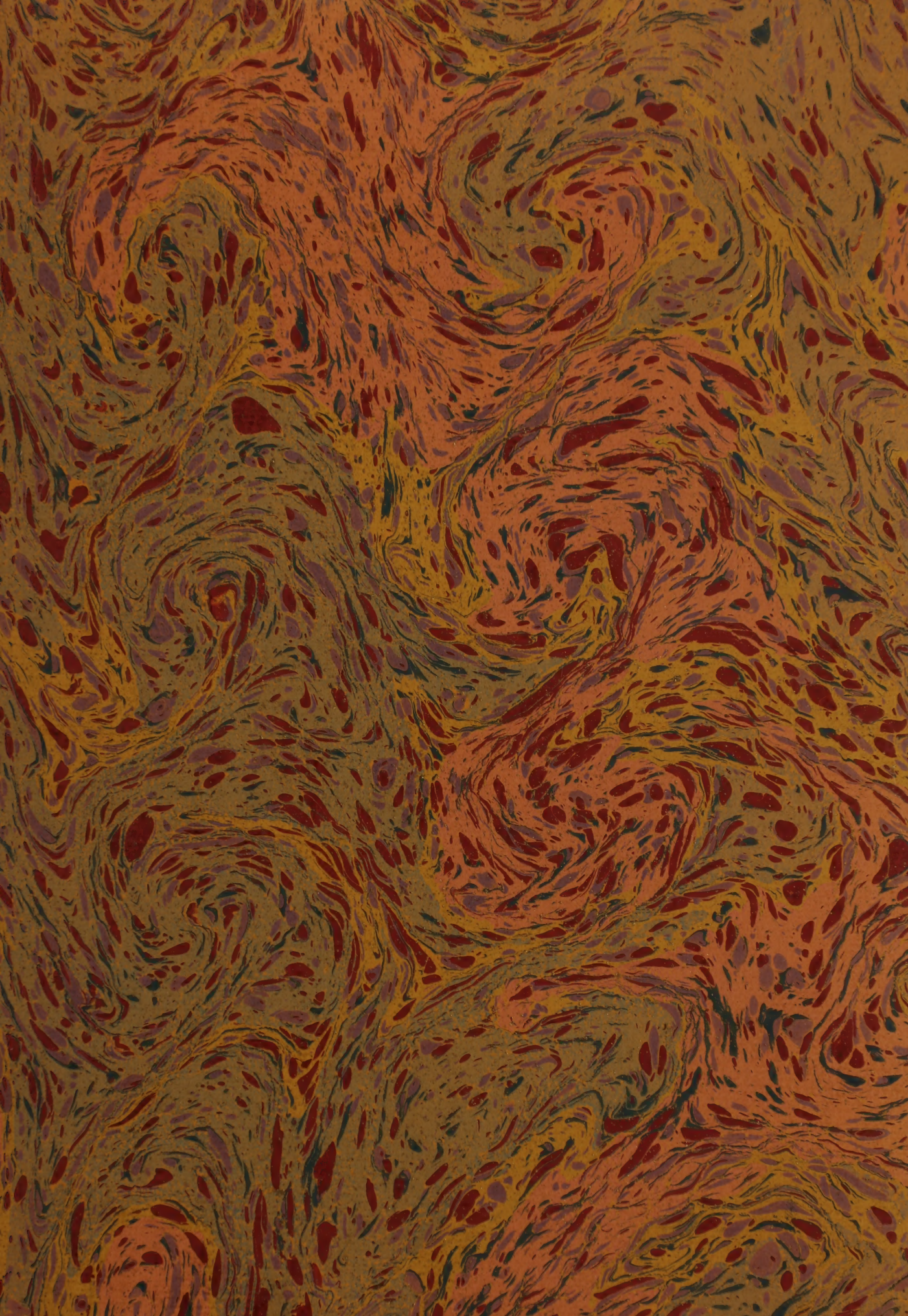




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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

597-599 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



THE LITTLE RED ROVER SHALL REACH IT NO MORE!

(*THE LITTLE RED ROVER.*)

HUNTING SONGS

BY

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY

LIONEL EDWARDS

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1925

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WOORE COUNTRY	I
QUÆSITUM MERITIS	6
OLD OULTON LOWE	9
THE OLD BROWN FOREST	13
TARPORLEY HUNT, 1833	18
ON THE NEW KENNEL, ERECTED ON DELAMERE FOREST	21
HAWKSTONE BOW-MEETING	23
CHESHIRE CHIVALRY	26
ON THE PICTURE OF THE CHESHIRE HUNT	30
THE BREECHES	32
SONG	35
THE LITTLE RED ROVER	38
THE BLOOMING EVERGREEN	40
SONG—STAGS IN THE FOREST LIE	41
THE TANTIVY TROT	43
THE SPECTRE STAG	45
THE LADIE OF THE CASTLE OF WINDECK	50
THE DEAD HUNTER	53
RIDING TO HOUNDS	54
SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS	55
THE BALL AND THE BATTUE	58
THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES	60
THE EARTH STOPPER	62
TARWOOD	64
EPITAPH	73

	PAGE
CHARADE	73
INSCRIPTION ON A GARDEN SEAT	74
FARMER DOBBIN	75
CHESHIRE JUMPERS	80
TARPORLEY HUNT SONG	85
WE ARE ALL OF US TAILORS IN TURN	87
A WORD ERE WE START	90
HARD-RIDING DICK	92
COUNT WARNOFF	95
LE GROS-VENEUR	98
A RAILWAY ACCIDENT WITH THE CHESHIRE	101
THOMPSON'S TRIP TO EPSOM	105
TARPORLEY HUNT SONG, 1859	109
THE LOVE-CHACE	112
A RECOLLECTION	116
NOTES	117

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The little Red Rover shall reach it no more.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
O ! give me that man to whom nought comes amiss.	<i>face p. 8</i>
Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !	<i>face p. 42</i>
With draggled brush and stealthy pace.	<i>face p. 60</i>
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead, Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder, Warily prowleth.	<i>face p. 62</i>
And he who clears those ditches wide Must needs a goodly steed bestride.	<i>face p. 68</i>
Three ribs hath he broken, two legs, and one arm, But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-charm.	<i>face p. 94</i>
The elixir of life is a ride o'er the vale.	<i>face p. 100</i>

HUNTING SONGS

THE WOORE COUNTRY

I

Now summer's dull season is over,
Once more we behold the glad pack ;
And Wicksted appears at the cover,
Once more on old Mercury's back ;
And Wells in the saddle is seated,
Though with scarce a whole bone in his skin ;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
'Loo in ! little dearies ! 'loo in !

II

How eagerly forward they rush,
In a moment how widely they spread ;
Have at him there, Hotspur ! hush ! hush !
'Tis a find or I 'll forfeit my head.
Fast flies the Fox away—faster
The hounds from the cover are freed ;
The horn to the mouth of the master,
The spur to the flank of his steed.

A

III

May the names I record in this metre
When my own is forgotten, survive ;
From Tunstall comes one they call Peter,
And three from the Styche they call Clive.
There 's Hammond from Wistaston bringing
All the news of the neighbouring shire ;
Fitzherbert renown'd for his singing,
And Dorfold's invincible Squire ;

IV

Few Sportsmen so gallant, if any,
Did Woore ever send to the chase ;
Each dingle for him has a cranny,
Each river a fordable place ;
He knows the best line from each cover,
He knows where to stand for a start,
And long may he live to ride over
The country he loves in his heart.

V

There 's Henry, the purple-clad Vicar,
So earnestly plying the steel ;
Conductor conducting him quicker,
Each prick from his reverend heel.
Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother I 'd back ;
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The Purple, the Pink, or the Black.

VI

On a smart thoroughbred there 's a bruiser,
Ne'er known o'er a country to flag ;
The name of the man is John Crewe, sir,
And Ajax the name of the nag ;
There 's Aqualate's Baronet, Boughey,
Whose eye still on Wicksted is cast ;
Should the Fox run till midnight, I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

VII

The Ford they call Charlie,—how cheery
To ride by his side in a run ;
Whether midnight or morn, never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in,
He shall not be mock'd with a bust,
But the favourite evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.

VIII

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantress commences her song,
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sindbad is sailing along ;
Old Wells closely after them cramming,
His soul quite absorb'd in the fun,
Continues unconsciously damning
Their dear little hearts as they run.

IX

When the scent on the fallow is failing,
Should a check from o'erriding ensue,
Hear Charley the mischief bewailing
With sorrow so touching and true ;
' Friends ! Gentlemen ! Foxhunters ! there now !
You all on my ruin are bent ;
Hold hard, sirs ! I ask, is it fair now ?—
All over the line of the scent.'

X

'Tis but for a moment we tarry,
One cast and they hit it anew ;
See ! see ! what a head they now carry,
And see ! now they run him in view ;
More eager for blood at each stroke,
See Vengeance and Vulpicide rush ;
Poor Reynard, he thinks it no joke,
Hearing Joker so close at his brush.

XI

See ! Soldier prepar'd for the brunt,
Hark ! Champion's challenge I hear ;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock pursues in the rear ;
Whoo-hoop ! there 's an end of the scurry,
Now Charley with might and with main
First dances, then shouts ' worry ! worry !'
Then shouts, and then dances again.

XII

A fig for your Leicestershire swells !
While Wicksted such sport can ensure ;
Long life to that varmint old Wells !
Success to the country of Woore !
Let Statesmen on politics parley,
Let Heroes go fight for renown,
While I 've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no Monarch his crown.

1830.

QUÆSITUM MERITIS

I

A CLUB of good fellows we meet once a year,¹
When the leaves of the forest are yellow and sear ;
By the motto that shines on each glass, it is shown,
We pledge in our cups the deserving alone ;
Our glass a quæsitum, ourselves Cheshire men,
May we fill it and drink it again and again.

II

We hold in abhorrence all vulpicide knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen slaves ;
They may feed their fat pheasants, their foxes destroy,
And mar the prime sport they themselves can't enjoy ;
But such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we 'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

III

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed,
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need ;
Who keeps for nought else, save to purge 'em with balls,
Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls ;
Such niggards as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we 'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

¹ The Tarporley Hunt Meeting held at the Swan Inn.

IV

Some riders there are, who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's face ;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds and horses, and all ;
Such riders as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we 'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

V

For coffee-house gossip some hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, save that they 're about ;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the fox, and go home !
Such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we 'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

VI

Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing,
That man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank.
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We 'll drink, if we die for 't, a bumper to him.

VII

O ! give me that man to whom nought comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this ;
Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto : ' Be with 'em I will.'

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We 'll drink, if we die for 't, a bumper to him.

VIII

O ! give me that man who can ride through a run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a ' screw,'
Who loves a run best when a friend sees it too !
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We 'll drink, if we die for 't, a bumper to him.

IX

O ! give me that man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the chase ;
Should a spirit so choice in this wide world be seen,
He rides you may swear in a collar of green ;
Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We 'll drink, if we die for 't, a bumper to him.



O! GIVE ME THE MAN TO WHOM NAUGHT COMES AMISS,
ONE HORSE OR ANOTHER, THAT COUNTRY OR THIS.

EQUUSITUM MERITIS

OLD OULTON LOWE

I

BAD luck to the Country ! the clock had struck two,
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew ;
When each heart felt a thrill at the sound, ' Tally-ho ! '
Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe !

II

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
For the first thirty minutes Pug laughed at us all ;
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us beat.

III

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah ! we little thought then that the race was her last ;
Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her blood ;
But why cry for spilt milk ?—May the next be as good !

IV

'Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare ;
The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow,
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton Lowe !

B

V

How Delamere went, it were useless to tell,
To say he was out, is to say he went well ;
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

VI

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation,
By dint of ' coercion ' and great ' agitation.'

VII

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow,
' Their bristles are up ! sir ! they 're hard at him now.'

VIII

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
' Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you ride ? '
How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

IX

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd ' who-hoop,'
While he thought on the Lion that eat him half up ;

Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his dinner,
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

X

Oh ! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh ! where and oh ! where was the Wistaston steed ?
Dead beat ! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that kick'd him.

XI

The Cestrian chestnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.
Where now is Dollgosh ? Where the racer from Da'enham ?
Such fast ones as these ! what mishap has o'erta'en 'em ?

XII

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane
(Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain),
' Have you seen a brown horse ? ' ' No, indeed, sir ; but
prayer,
In the course of your ramble have *you* seen a grey ? '

XIII

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
Whom he found in the street, with his head rather queer,
So Dobbin was loos'd from his work at the plough,
To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

XIV

I advocate ' movement ' when shown in a horse,
But I love in my heart a ' conservative ' gorse ;
Long life to Sir Philip ! we 'll drink ere we go,
Old times ! and old Cheshire ! and old Oulton Lowe !

1833.

THE OLD BROWN FOREST

I

BROWN Forest of Mara ! whose bounds were of yore
From Kellsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore,
Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd were our
men.

II

Our King the first William, Hugh Lupus our Earl,
Then poaching I ween was no sport for a churl ;
A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive !

III

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow ;
They wound their ' recheat ' and their ' mort ' on the horn,
And they laugh'd the rude chase of the Saxon to scorn.

IV

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize
Waif, pannage, agiftment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispers'd,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the First.

V

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose ahunting to ride ;
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It pass'd from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI

O ! then the proud falcon, unloos'd from the glove,
Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above ;
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
The silver-toned bells as she darted on high.

VII

Then roused from sweet slumber, the ladie high-born,
Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn ;
Her palfrey uptoss'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

VIII

Vers'd in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still ;
The Abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor lov'd the sport less when a bright eye was there.

IX

Thou Palatine prophet ! whose fame I revere
(Woe be to that bard who speaks ill of a seer),

Forewarn'd of thy fate, as our legends report,
Thou wert born in a forest and ' clemm'd ' in a court.

X

Now goading thine oxen, now urging amain
Fierce monarchs to battle on Bosworth's red plain ;
' A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs ! '
Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes !

XI

' Steeds shall by hundreds seek masters in vain,
Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain ' ;
' Twill need little skill to interpret this dream,
When o'er the brown forest we travel by steam !

XII

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show fight,
No war, save the war of the woods, could excite ;
His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
Though a hero when armed with a couteau de chasse.

XIII

Ah ! then came the days when to England's disgrace,
A King was her quarry, and warfare her chase ;
Old Noll for their huntsman ! a puritan pack !
With psalms on their tongues—but with blood in their
track.

XIV

Then Charlie our king was restor'd to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown ;
Steeds from the desert then cross'd the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

XV

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught foxhounds to skurry,
With music in plenty—O ! where was the hurry ?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a pigtail ;
When our toast, ' The Brown Forest,' was drunk in brown
ale.

XVI

The fast ones came next, with a wild fox in view,
' Ware hole ! ' was a caution then heeded by few ;
Oppos'd by no cops, by no fences confin'd,
O'er whinbush and heather they swept like the wind.

XVII

Behold ! in the soil of our forest once more,
The sapling takes root as in ages of yore ;
The oak of old England, with branches outspread,
The pine tree above them uprearing its head.

XVIII

Where, 'twixt the whalebones, the widow sat down,
Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the Brown,
There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

XIX

This timber the storms of the ocean shall weather,
And sail o'er the waves as we sail'd o'er the heather ;
Each plant of the forest, when launched from the stocks,
May it run down a foeman as we do a fox.

TARPORLEY HUNT, 1833

I

WHEN without verdure the woods in November are,
Then to our collars their green is transferr'd ;
Racing and chasing the sports of each member are,
Come then to Tarporley booted and spurr'd ;
Holding together, sir,
Scorning the weather, sir,
Like the good leather, sir,
Which we put on :
Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

II

Lo ! there 's a Maiden whose sweet disposition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chase ;
Joy to that sportsman whose horse, in condition, is
Able and willing to go the best pace ;
Racers are sweating now,
Owners are fretting now,
Stable boys betting now,
France ! ten to one :
Quæsitum meritis, etc.

III

Lo ! where the forest turf covers gentility,
Foremost with glory and hindmost with mud ;
Now let the President prove his ability,
Umpire of speed, whether cocktail or blood ;
Go-by and Adelaide,
Though they were saddled,
Led forth and straddled,
Judge there was none !
Quæsitum meritis, etc.

IV

How with due praise shall I sing the Palatinate,
Able with Presidents filling our chair ;
The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that have sat
in it,
Toasting our bumpers and drinking their share ?
Each Squire and each Lord, sir,
That meets at our board, sir,
Were I to record, sir,
I ne'er should have done :
Quæsitum meritis, etc.

V

' Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis,'
Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down :
Long may we good fellows, now a day rarities,
Live to make merry in Tarporley town.

TARPORLEY HUNT

Fox preservation,
Throughout the whole nation,
Affords recreation,

Then drink it each man :
Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

ON THE NEW KENNEL, ERECTED ON
DELAMERE FOREST

MAY 1834

I

GREAT names in the Abbey are graven in stone,
Our kennel records them in good flesh and bone ;
A *Bedford*, a *Gloster*, to life we restore,
And *Nelson* with *Victory* couple once more,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The shilelah should drop from the Irishman's hand ;
And journeymen tailors, on 'striking' intent,
Should stick to their stitching like hounds to a scent.

III

O ! grant, ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
That our kennels may stand though our colleges fall ;
Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood.

IV

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
Switch'd into Latin and breech'd in nankeen ;
A puppy just enter'd a language can speak
More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own Greek.

V

O ! clothe me in scarlet ! a spur on each heel !
And guardsmen may case their whole bodies in steel ;
Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt !

VI

Then lay this foundation-stone solid and deep,
Let these walls be as strong as the walls of a Keep ;
May foxhunting flourish as long as they last,
And the fame of fresh Bluecaps still rival the past ;
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

HAWKSTONE BOW-MEETING

*‘ Celeri certare sagittâ
Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit. ’*—ÆN. lib. 5.

I

FAREWELL to the banks of the Weaver !
Farewell to the Dane and the Dee !
The forest, the moor, and the river,
The hills, and the ‘ Woore Countrie ’ ;
My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and saddle below,
I call on the Muse and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II

Bright Goddess ! assist me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkyn came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere ;
Assist me to fly with as many on
As the steed of Parnassus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaston, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen and Drake.

III

To witness the feats of the Bowmen,
To stare at the tent of the Bey,
Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
At Hawkstone assemble to-day.
From the Lord to the lowest in station,
From the east of the shire to the west,
Salopia's whole population
Within the green valley comprest.

IV

In the hues of the target appearing,
Now the bent of each archer is seen ;
The widow to *sable* adhering,
The lover forsaken to *green* ;
For *gold* its affection displaying,
One shaft at the centre is sped ;
Another a love tale betraying,
Is aim'd with a blush at the *red*.

V

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
Humility sweeping the ground,
The arrow of gluttony driven
Where ven'son and sherry abound !
At *white* see the maiden unmated
The arrow of innocence draw,
While the shaft of the matron is fated
To fasten its point in the *straw*.

VI

Tell, fated with Gessler to grapple
Till the tyrannous Bailiff was slain,
Let Switzerland boast of the apple
His arrow once sever'd in twain ;
We 've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our host and his lady think fit, sir,
To lend us the head of their son !

VII

The ash may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be sturdy and true ;
You may search, but in vain, for a timber
To rival the old British yew !
You may roam through all lands, but there 's no land
Can sport such as Salop's afford,
And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland !
The hero of heroes my Lord !

1835.

CHESHIRE CHIVALRY

ON the 23rd of December 1837, the Cheshire Hounds found a fox in the plantation adjoining Tilston Lodge. Running directly to the house, he baffled for a time all further pursuit by leaping through a window pane into the dairy. When captured, he was turned out at Wardle Gorse, and after an unusually quick burst, in the course of which he crossed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeston.

I

UNPUNISHED shall Reynard our dairies attack,
His fate unrecorded in song ?
Ah ! no ; when the captive was loos'd from a sack,
There was not, fair milkmaid, a hound in the pack
But was bent on avenging thy wrong.

II

Would that those who imagine all chivalry o'er,
Had encounter'd our gallant array ;
Ne'er a hundred such knights, e'en in ages of yore,
Took the field in the cause of one damsel before,
As were seen in the saddle that day.

III

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,
So keen was the ardour displayed ;
Some lose a frail stirrup, some flounder, some fall,
Some gallantly stem the deep waters, and all
For the sake of the pretty milkmaid.

IV

For thirty fast minutes Pug fled from his foes,
Nor a moment for breathing allow'd ;
When at Cholm'stone the skurry was brought to a close,
The nags that had follow'd him needed repose,
As their panting and sobbing avow'd.

V

There, stretch'd on the greensward, lay Geoffrey the stout,
His heels were upturn'd to the sky,
From each boot flow'd a stream, as it were from a spout,
Away stole the fox ere one half had run out,
And away with fresh vigour we fly !

VI

Once more to the water, though harass'd and beat,
The fox with a struggle swam through ;
Though the churn that he tainted shall never be sweet,
His heart's blood ere long shall our vengeance complete,
And the caitiff his villany rue.

VII

Stout Geoffrey declared he would witness the kill
Should he swim in the saddle till dark ;
Six horsemen undauntedly followed him still,
Till the fate that awaited the steed of Sir Phil
Put an end to this merry mud lark.

VIII

Back, back, the bold Baronet rolled from the shore,
Immers'd overhead in the wave ;
The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,
For their member was missing a minute or more
Ere he rose from his watery grave.

IX

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make sail
(A soul that abhorreth restraint),
' Good doctor,' quoth he, ' since thy remedies fail,
Since blister, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,
Cold bathing may suit my complaint.'

X

When Williams past o'er, at the burden they bore
The waters all trembled with awe ;
For the heaving canal, when it washed him ashore,
Ne'er had felt such a swell on its surface before,
As the swell from the Leamington Spa.

XI

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would skim,
Must have flown to the furthestmost brink ;
For the moisture had reach'd neither garment nor limb,
There was not a speck the boot polish to dim,
Nor a mudstain to tarnish the pink.

XII

The fox looking back, saw them fathom the tide,
But was doom'd, ere they cross'd it, to die ;
Who-whoop may sound sweeter by far on that side,
But, thinks I to myself, I 've a twenty-mile ride,
And as yet my good leather is dry.

XIII

Life-guardsman ! why hang down in sorrow thy head ?
Could our pack such a fast one outstrip ?
Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay for dead,
'Pray, which way to Aston ?' he mournfully said,
And uptwisted the hair of his lip.

XIV

Though of milk and of water I 've made a long tale,
When a livelier liquor 's display'd,
I 've a toast that will suit either claret or ale,
Good sport to the Kennel ! success to the Pail !
And a health to the pretty Milkmaid !

1837.

ON THE PICTURE OF THE CHESHIRE HUNT

PAINTED BY H. CALVERT

I

WHEN, our Kennel a coal-hole envelop'd in smoke,
Blood and bone shall give way to hot water and coke,
Make and shape, pace and pedigree held as a jest,
All the power of the stud in a copper comprest.

II

When the green collar fades, and good fellowship 's o'er,
Sir Peter and Barry remember'd no more ;
From her Tarporley perch the poor Swan shall drop down,
And her dying who-whoop shall be heard o'er the Town.

III

Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb,
May verse make immortal the deeds of the field,
And the shape of each steed be on canvas reveal'd.

IV

In colours unfading, let Calvert design
A field not unworthy a sport so divine,

ON THE PICTURE OF THE CHESHIRE HUNT 31

For when Joe¹ was their huntsman, and Tom² their first
whip,

Who then could the chosen of Cheshire outstrip ?

V

Ere the time-honour'd race of our fox-hunters end,
The poor no protector, the farmer no friend,
Let the pencil be dipt in the hues of the Chase,
And contentment and health be portray'd in each face.

VI

Let them say when this canvas the pastime recalls,
Such once were the gentry that dwelt in our halls ;
Let them here view the face of an old Cheshire Squire,
And regret the past sport that enliven'd our Shire.

1840.

¹ Joe Maiden.

² Tom Moody.

THE BREECHES

I

WHEN I mention 'The Breeches,' I feel no remorse,
For the ladies all know 'tis an evergreen gorse ;
They are not of leather, they are not of plush,
But expressly cut out for Joe Maiden to brush.

II

Good luck to the prentice by whom they were made !
His shears were a ploughshare, his needle a spade ;
May each landlord a pair of this pattern bespeak,
The Breeches that lasted us three days a week !

III

The fox is away, and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting straitway to work at a pace of his own ;
Past him sped Tollemache, as instant in flight
As a star when it shoots through the azure of night.

IV

They who witness'd the pack as it skirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried a struggle foresaw ;
At their heels a white horse with his head in the air,
But his bridle was loose, and his saddle was bare.

V

May Peel (near the Breeches at starting o'erthrown,
Where he left the impression in mud of his own),
When next he thinks fit this white horse to bestraddle,
See less of the Breeches and more of the saddle.

VI

From Spurstow we pointed towards Bunbury Church,
Some rounding that cover were left in the lurch ;
By Hurleston we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein,
Till check'd for one moment in Baddiley lane.

VII

When we pass'd the old gorse and the meadows beneath,
When, across the canal, we approach'd Aston Heath,
There were riders who took to the water like rats,
There were steeds without horsemen, and men without
hats.

VIII

How many came down to the Edlestone brook,
How many came down, not to leap—but to look ;
The steeds that stood still with a stitch in their side,
Will remember the day when the Breeches were tried.

IX

The pack, pressing onwards, still merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a scent ;

E

Man and maid rushing forth stood aloft on the wall,
And uprais'd a view hollo that shook the old hall.

X

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He cross'd and recross'd Ran'moor covers in vain ;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood, he lay down in despair,
And we hollow'd who-whoop, as they worried him there.

XI

Puss in boots is a fable to children well known,
The Dog in a doublet at Sandon is shown,
Henceforth when a landlord good liquor can boast,
Let the Fox and the Breeches be hung on his post.

XII

From Vulpicide villains our foxes secure,
May these evergreen Breeches till doomsday endure !
Go ! all ye good squires, if my ditty should please,
Go cloathe your bare acres in Breeches like these.

SONG

*Written for and sung by I. H. Smith Barry, Esq., owner of the
'Columbine' yacht, when President of the Tarporley
Hunt Meeting, 1845.*

I

Now riding safe at anchor, idly floats the *Columbine*,
And the perils of the Ocean in November I resign ;
With other Messmates round me, merry comrades every
one,
To-night I take command, boys, of the gallant ship the
Swan.

Chorus

Then up, boys ! up for action, with a hearty three times
three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarporley ?

II

'Tis true, though strange, this gallant ship in water cannot
swim,
A sea of rosy wine, boys, is the sea she loves to skim ;
The billows of that red sea are in bumpers toss'd about,
Our spirits rising higher as the tide is running out !

Chorus.

III

Still swinging at her moorings, with a cable round her neck,
Though long as summer lasteth all deserted is her deck,
She scuds before the breezes of November fast and free,
O ! ne'er may she be stranded in the straits of Tarporley.

Chorus.

IV

By adverse gale or hurricane her sails are never rent,
Her canvas swells with laughter, and her freight is merriment ;
The lightning on her deck, boys, is the lightning flash of wit,
Loud cheers in thunder rolling till her very timbers split !

Chorus.

V

We need not Archimedes with his screw on board the Swan,
The screw that draws the cork, boys, is the screw that drives
us on,
And should we be becalm'd, boys, while giving chase to care,
When the brimming bowl is heated we have steam in
plenty there.

Chorus.

VI

No rocks have we to split on, no foes have we to fight,
No dangers to alarm us, while we keep the reckoning right ;
We fling the gold about, boys, though we never heave the lead,
And long as we can raise the wind our course is straight
ahead.

Chorus.

VII

The index of our compass is the bottle that we trowl,
To the chair again revolving like the needle to the pole ;
The motto on our glasses is to us a fixed star,
We know while we can see it, boys, exactly where we are.

Chorus.

VIII

To their sweethearts let our bachelors a sparkling bumper fill,
To their wives let those who have 'em fill a fuller bumper
still ;
Oh ! never while we 've health, boys, may we quit this
gallant ship,
But every year, together here, enjoy this pleasure trip.

Chorus.

IX

Behind me stands my ancestor, Sir Peter stands before,
Two pilots who have weather'd many a stormy night of yore ;
So may our sons and grandsons, when we are dead and
gone,
Spend many a merry night, boys, in the cabin of the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys ! up for action, with a hearty three times
three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tarporley ?

1845.

THE LITTLE RED ROVER

I

THE dewdrop is clinging
To whin-bush and brake,
The skylark is singing
‘ Merrie hunters, awake ’ ;
Home to the cover,
Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

II

Resounds the glad hollo ;
The pack scents the prey ;
Man and horse follow ;
Away ! Hark, away !
Away ! never fearing,
Ne’er slacken your pace :
What music so cheering
As that of the chase ?

III

The Rover still speeding,
Still distant from home,
The spurr’d flank is bleeding,
And cover’d with foam ;

Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey,
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day !

IV

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er !
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more !
The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to droop ;
In pieces they tear him,
Who-whoop ! Who-who-whoop !

THE BLOOMING EVERGREEN

I

ERE the adventurers, nicknam'd Plantagenet,
Buckled the helm on, their foes to dismay,
They pluck'd a broom-sprig which they wore as a badge
in it,
Meaning thereby they would sweep them away.
Long the genista shall flourish in story,
Green as the laurels their chivalry won ;
As the broom-sprig excited those heroes to glory,
May the gorse-plant encourage our foxes to run.

II

Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddess's shrine ;
Throughout the wide range of this blooming creation,
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster and, squeezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;
Then in the joy of my heart, will I, seizing it,
Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

SONG

I

STAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o !
Web-footed otters are spear'd in the lochs ;
Beasts of the chase that are not worth a Tally-ho !
All are surpass'd by the gorse-cover fox !
 Fishing, though pleasant,
 I sing not at present,
 Nor shooting the Pheasant,
 Nor fighting of Cocks ;
 Song shall declare a way
 How to drive care away,
 Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox !

II

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks ;
Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
 Spain may delight in
 A sport so exciting ;
 While 'stead of bullfighting
 We fatten the ox ;
 Song shall declare a way, etc.

F

III

England's green pastures are graz'd in security,
Thanks to the Saxon who car'd for our flocks !
He who reserving the sport for futurity,
Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.
When joviality
Chases formality,
When Hospitality
Cellars unlocks ;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox !



STAGS IN THE FOREST LIE, HARES IN THE VALLEY-O!

(SONG.)

THE TANTIVY TROT

I

HERE 's to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir ;
Here 's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford and the Lancashire Lord, sir,
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it 's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II

Here 's to the team, sir, all harness'd to start,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
Here 's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam pot, etc.

III

Here 's to the dear little damsels within,
Here 's to the swells on the top, sir ;
Here 's to the music in three feet of tin,
And here 's to the tapering crop, sir.
Let the steam pot, etc.

IV

Here 's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here 's to the blood on the off, sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride !
Wind without whistle or cough, sir !
Let the steam pot, etc.

V

Here 's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclin'd, sir ;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !
Tails with no cruppers behind, sir !
Let the steam pot, etc.

VI

Here 's to the dragsmen I 've dragg'd into song,
Salisbury, Mountain, and Co., sir ;
Here 's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
Five twenty-fives at a go ! sir.
Let the steam pot, etc.

VII

Here 's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
Here 's to the road we ne'er tire on ;
Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
Ride ye who like it on iron.
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it 's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

THE SPECTRE STAG

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE

I

A BARON lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whose mind was wholly bent upon
The pleasures of the chase.

II

Thro' summer's sultry dog-days,
Thro' winter's frost severe,
This Baron's hunting season
Was twelve months in the year.

III

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to speak,
The number of his hunting days
Was seven in the week.

IV

No lands within his seignorie
Was serf allowed to till ;
No cornfield in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

V

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was abed,
Were bent on stealing venison,
For very lack of bread ?

VI

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the quest was found ;
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

VII

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong,
From the panting quarry's back
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
Let loose upon his track.

VIII

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feast ;
And, mixed in one red slaughter,
Flows the blood of man and beast.

IX

The Baron thus his pastime
Pursued until he died ;
My tale shall tell how this befell
On the eve of Easter-tide.

X

The moon rose o'er the forest,
And the distant village chime
Call'd sinners to confession,
And bespoke a hallow'd time.

XI

When suddenly a strange halloo
Was heard around to ring,
The Hunter seized his bow and plac'd
An arrow on the string.

XII

The cry, the cheer, the tumult
Of the chase—and then, display'd
By the pale light of the moonbeam,
Far adown the forest-glade,

XIII

Was seen, with brow full antler'd,
A Monster Stag—his back
Bestriden by a Huntsman,
Apparell'd all in black.

THE SPECTRE STAG

XIV

Their eyes unto their master
The crouching pack uprais'd,
Their master on his trembling steed
At the sight was sore amaz'd.

XV

'Ye curs,' he cried, 'why stir ye not ?
A curse upon the breed !
And you, ye loitering varlets,
Where are ye in such need ?'

XVI

To summon then his followers,
He grasp'd his hunting horn,
Through the forest's deep recesses
The echoing blast was borne.

XVII

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note in answer gave ;
And the silence that succeeded
Was the silence of the grave.

XVIII

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Goaded on that grisly stag.

XIX

The nearer it approach'd him,
The larger still it grew ;
Again he seized his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew.

XX

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
Each fibre strain'd to blow,
His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
And he fell from the saddle bow.

XXI

Where the Baron's chase was ended,
There they laid his bones to rot ;
And his heirs, in after ages,
Built a Chapel on the spot.

XXII

And still that note is heard to float
Through the woods at Easter-tide ;
From hill to hill re-echoing still
The strain by which he died.

THE LADIE OF THE CASTLE OF WINDECK

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

(ADELBERT CHAMISSO)

I

‘ FATED HORSEMAN ! onward speeding,
Hold !—thy panting courser check ;—
Thee the Phantom Stag misleading,
Hurrieth to the lone Windeck ! ’

II

Where two towers, their strength uprearing,
O’er a ruin’d gateway rise,
There the quarry disappearing
Vanish’d from the Hunter’s eyes.

III

Lone and still !—no echo sounded ;
Blazed the sun in noonday pride ;
Deep he drew his breath astounded,
And his streaming forehead dried.

IV

' Precious wine lies hid below, in
Ruin'd cellar here, they say ;
O ! that I, with cup o'erflowing,
Might my scorching thirst allay ! '

V

Scarcely by his parch'd lip spoken
Wingèd words the wish proclaim,
Ere from arch, with ivy broken,
Forth a fair handmaiden came.

VI

Light of step, a glorious maiden !
Robe of shining white she wore ;
With her keys her belt was laden,
Drinking horn in hand she bore.

VII

Precious wine, from cup o'erflowing,
With an eager mouth he quaff'd ;
Fire he felt within him glowing,
As he drain'd the magic draught.

VIII

Eyes of deep blue, softly glancing !—
Flowing locks of golden hue !—
He with claspèd hands advancing
'Gan the Maiden's love to sue.

IX

Fraught with strange mysterious meaning,
 Pitying look she on him cast ;
 Then, her form the ivy screening,
 Swiftly, as she came, she past.

X

From that hour enchanted ever,
 Spellbound to the Windeck lone,
 From that hour he slumber'd never,
 Rest, and peace, and hope unknown.

XI

Night and day that ruin'd portal
 Pale and wan he hovers nigh,
 Though unlike to living mortal,
 Still without the power to die.

XII

Once again the maid, appearing,
 After many a year had past,
 Prest his lip with kiss endearing,
 Broke the spell of life at last.

THE DEAD HUNTER

I

His fire from the desert, his dam from the north,
The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
One slip in his stride as the scurry he led,
And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

II

Poor steed ! shall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
That his beak in thy carcase the raven may dye ?
Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfil,
Thy flesh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill ?

III

Ah ! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod ;
Where first thy young hoof the green herbage impress'd,
There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to rest !

RIDING TO HOUNDS

'No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things ;
But a true science of distinguishing.'

—Ben Jonson.

As when two dogs in furious combat close,
The bone forgotten whence the strife arose,
Some village cur secures the prize unseen,
And, while the mastiffs battle, picks it clean ;
So when two horsemen, jostling side by side,
Heed not the pack, but at each other ride,
More glorious still the loftier fences deem,
And face the brook where widest flows the stream ;
One breathless steed, when spurs no more avail,
Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail ;
One floundering lies—to watery ditch consign'd,
While laughing schoolboy leaves them both behind,
Pricks on his pony 'till the brush be won,
And bears away the honours of the run.

SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS

WRITTEN AT TOLLY HOUSE IN ROSS-SHIRE, 1845

I

UP in the morning ! the river runs merrily,
Clouds are above and the breezes blow cool,
Tie the choice fly now and casting it warily,
Fish the dark ripple that curls o'er the pool ;
Steadily play with him,
On through the spray with him,
Gaff, and away with him
On to the shore !
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy now
Haunts us no more !

II

Up in the morning ! young birds in full feather now,
Brood above brood on the mountain side lie ;
Setters well broken are ranging the heather now,
Bird after bird taking wing but to die !

Grouse without number now
 Gillies encumber now ;—
 Echo in slumber now
 Resteth again.
 Pastime at Tolly now,
 Oh ! it is jolly now,
 No melancholy now,
 Sorrow, or pain.

III

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day, clad for a tussle now !—
 Keen eyes have mark'd the wild Hart on the hill ;
 Toil for the Stalker !—wind, sinew and muscle, now
 All will be needed, ere testing his skill !
 Gillies now frolicking,
 Roaring and rollicking,
 Hey ! for a grollocking,—
 Rip up the deer,
 Pastime at Tolly now,
 Oh ! it is jolly now,
 No melancholy now
 Haunteth us here.

IV

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day ; what may your pleasure be ?
 Black-cock or ptarmigan, roebuck or hare ?
 Bright with delight let each moment of leisure be,
 Left in the Lowlands, a fig for dull Care !

Wood, stream, and heather now,
Yielding together now,
Sport for all weather now,—

Up in the morn !

Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy, now
Laugh her to scorn !

THE BALL AND THE BATTUE

I

LAY by the silk waistcoat, so gaudy and green !
And clothe me this morning in black velveteen ;
 A kerchief of blue,
 And a waterproof shoe,
For now the Ball 's over I 'll join the Battue !

II

Let the shot-belt of leather replace the gold chain,
The ramrod be handled instead of the cane ;
 A pancake so flat,
 Was my ball-going hat,
But a dumpling to shoot in is better than that !

III

My fiddle a Manton, a tune I 'll prepare
Which shall teach the cock-pheasants to reel in the air ;
 While snipes as they fly
 Pirouette in the sky,
And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

IV

‘ Once more might I view thee, sweet partner ! ’ ‘ Mark
hare !

She is gone down the middle and up again there ’—

‘ That hand might I kiss,

Mark cock !—did I miss ?

Ye Gods, who could shoot with a weapon like this ?

V

‘ I ’ve a thorn in my breast which deprives me of speech ;—

Ah me, but what ’s this that I feel in my breech ?

Overwhelm’d, unaware,

In the depth of despair—

Ods bobs ! over head in a pit, I declare ! ’

VI

Thus a glance may from slaughter whole covers reclaim,

Thus oft the fair sex prove preservers of game ;

For when the heart aches,

Then alas ! the hand shakes

And sighs beget curses, and curses mistakes.

VII

O, ye who encourage the long-feather’d breed !

To the Ball overnight let the Battue succeed ;

Cock-pheasants all,

Be the shot large or small,

May in safety crow over it after a Ball.

THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES

A FABLE

BEFORE the pack for many a mile
A Fox had sped in gallant style ;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast ;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace
Still onward for his life he flies—
He nears the wood—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble ;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes ;
To him it seems a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.
Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
He many a sage reflection made ;
' 'Tis true, whene'er I stir,' he cried,
' The brambles wound my bleeding side,
But he who seeks may seek in vain
For perfect bliss ; then why complain ?



WITH DRAGGLED BRUSH AND STEALTHY PACE.

'THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES'
(A Fable.)

Since, mingled in one current, flow
Both good and evil, joy and woe ;
O ! let me still with patience bear
The evil, for the good that 's there.
Howe'er unpleasant this retreat,
Yet every bitter has its sweet ;
The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt,
The hounds had torn my entrails out.'

Good farmers ! read, nor take amiss,
The moral which I draw from this ;
Grieve not o'er gap or broken gate ;
The damage small, the profit great ;
The love of sport to home brings down
Your Landlord from the smoky town,
To dwell and spend his rents among
The tenantry, from whom they sprung.
Though vainly, when he leads the chase,
His willing steed urged on apace,
When scent is good and hounds are fleet,
Though vainly then you shout, ' Ware wheat ! '
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And yours the corn on which he 's fed ;
Ah ! then restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly damn the Hunting Squire.

THE EARTH STOPPER

I

TERROR of henroosts ! now from hollow sand-earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

II

Rouse thee ! Earth stopper ! rouse thee from thy slumber !
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

III

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old doghorse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry-hair'd Vixen, wheresoe'er thou wendest,
Ready to follow.

IV

Though the chill rain-drops, driven by the north wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken winded,
Hobble on three legs ;



SAFELY AT NIGHTFALL, ROUND THE QUIET FARMSTEAD,
REYNARD ON TIP-TOE, MEDITATING PLUNDER,
WARILY PROWLETH.

(THE EARTH STOPPER.)

v

Finish thy night-work well, or woe betide thee !
If on the morrow irritated Huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Find the earths open !

TARWOOD

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP

HE waited not—he was not found—
No warning note from eager hound,
But echo of the distant horn,
From outskirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown ;
Away ! away ! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
He view'd the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, waved his hat ;
He saw him clear with easy stride
The stream by which the mill was plied ;
Like phantom fox he seemed to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away, like arrow sped
From cloth-yard bow, he shot ahead.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he past,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, now by Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew ;
At Grafton now his course inclin'd,
And Kelmscote now is left behind !

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with the classic wave,
O'er those wide meadows speeding on,
He near'd the bridgeway of St. John ;
He paus'd a moment on the bank,
His footsteps in the ripple sank,
He felt how cold, he saw how strong
The rapid river roll'd along ;
Then turn'd away, as if to say,
' All those who like to cross it may.'

The Huntsman, though he view'd him back,
View'd him too late to turn the pack,
Which o'er the tainted meadow prest,
And reach'd the river all abreast ;
In with one plunge, one billowy splash,
In—together—in they dash,

Together stem the wintry tide,
Then shake themselves on t' other side !
' Hark, hollo back ! ' that loud halloo
Then eager, and more eager grew,
Till every hound, recrossing o'er,
Stoop'd forward to the scent once more ;
Nor further aid, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they

Away ! away ! uncheck'd in pace,
O'er grass and fallow swept the chase ;
To hounds, to horses, or to men,
No child's play was the struggle then ;
A trespasser on Milward's ground,
He climb'd the pale that fence'd it round ;
Then close by Little Hemel sped,
To Fairford pointing straight ahead,
Though now, the pack approaching nigh,
He heard his death-note in the cry.
They view'd him, and then seem'd their race,
The very lightning of the chase !
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane,
He strove to cross it, but in vain,
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died.

This gallant fox, in Tarwood found,
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground ;

Had sought in cover, left or right,
No shelter to conceal his flight ;
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As stout a fox as ever stept !
That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
The eager steeds which they bestrode
Pac'd, to and fro, the Witney road,
For hard as iron shoe that trod
Its surface, the unyielding sod ;
Till midday sun had thaw'd the ground
And made it fit for foot of hound,
They champ'd the bit and twitch'd the rein,
And paw'd the frozen earth in vain,
Impatient with fleet hoof to scour
The vale, each minute seem'd an hour ;
Still Rumour says of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

Though Cokethorpe seem one open plain,
'Tis flash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.

From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a horse of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either side.
By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,
And frequent there the grievous fall
O'er slippery bank and crumbling wall ;
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fix'd encumbrance on the land !
While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;
He went, they say, like one bewitch'd,
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chase ;
He bade his many friends forbear
The proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
' O ! heed me not, but ride away !'
The Tarwood fox must die to-day !'

Nor fell Valentia there alone,
There too in mid career was thrown



AND HE WHO CLEARS THOSE DITCHES WIDE
MUST NEEDS A GOODLY STEED BESTRIDE.

(TARWOOD.)

The Huntsman—in the breastplate swung
His heels—his body earthward hung ;
With many a tug at neck and mane,
Struggling he reach'd his seat again ;
Once more upon the back of Spangle,
His head and heels at proper angle,
(Poor Spangle in a piteous plight),
He look'd around him, bolt upright,
Nor near nor far could succour see,—
Where can the faithless Juliet be ?
He would have given half his wage
Just then to see her on the stage ;
The pack those meads by Isis bound
Had reach'd ere Jem his Juliet found ;
Well thence with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she play'd.

There Isaac from the chase withdrew
(A horse is Isaac, not a Jew),
Outstretch'd his legs, and shook his back,
Right glad to be relieved of Jack ;
And Jack, right glad his back to quit,
Gave Beatrice a benefit.

Moisture and mud the ' Fungus ' suit,
In boggy ditch he, taking root,
For minutes ten or thereabout,
Stood planted, till they pluck'd him out.

By application of spur rowel
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

Say, as the pack by Kelmscote sped,
Say who those horsemen cloath'd in red ?
Spectators of the chase below,
Themselves no sign of movement show ;
No wonder—they were all aghast
To see the pace at which it past ;
The ' White Horse Vale '—well known to Fame
The pack to which it gives a name ;
And there they stood as if spellbound,
Their morning fox as yet unfound ;
Borne from that wood, their huntsman's cheer
Drew many a Tarwood straggler near,
And he who felt the pace too hot,
There gladly sought a resting spot ;
Himself of that White Horse availing,
When conscious that his own was failing.

Thus ships, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safely sheltered lie,
There seek a refuge from the gale,
Cast anchor, and let down the sail.

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;

This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;
And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams, clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollit, ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.

A pretty sight at first to see
Young Pretymán on Modesty !
But Pretymán went on so fast,
That Modesty took fright at last ;
So bent was she to shun disgrace,
That in the brook she hid her face ;
So bashful, that to drag her out
They fetch'd a team and tackle stout.

When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
How *Whimsey* led the pack at first,
When Reynard from the woodside burst ;

How *Pamela*, a puppy hound,
First seiz'd him, struggling on the ground ;
How *Prudence* shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How *Alderman*, a foxhound staunch,
Work'd well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires were, following thee, upset,
Right honourable *Baronet* ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,
All worthy of a place in song ;
Old *Fairplay*, ne'er at skirting caught,
And *Pensive* speeding quick as thought ;
While *Handsome* proved the adage true,
They handsome are that handsome do !

Then long may courteous Redesdale live !
And oft his pack such gallops give !
Should fox again so stoutly run,
May I be there and see the fun !

EPITAPH

ON the Duke of Wellington's Charger 'Copenhagen,' so named from the circumstance of his having been foaled in the year of that battle. He was buried at Strathfieldsaye, February 1836.

WITH years o'erburdened, sunk the battle steed ;—
War's funeral honours to his dust decreed ;
A foal when Cathcart overpower'd the Dane,
And Gambier's fleet despoil'd the northern main,
'Twas his to tread the Belgian field, and bear
A mightier chief to prouder triumphs there !
Let Strathfieldsaye to wondering patriots tell
How Wellesley wept when 'Copenhagen' fell.

CHARADE

THE Squire, on his Grey,
Has been hunting all day,
So at night let him drown his fatigue in the bowl ;
But ere quenching his thirst,
To get rid of my *first*,
Let him call for my *second* to bring him my *whole*.

INSCRIPTION

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE BONES
OF AN OLD RACER

I

STILL, tho' bereft of speed,
Compell'd to carry weight ;
Alas ! unhappy steed,
Death cannot change thy fate.

II

Upon the turf still ridden,
Denied a grave below,
Thy weary bones forbidden
The rest that they bestow.

FARMER DOBBIN

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS

'OULD mon, it 's welly milkin' toim, where ever 'ast 'ee bin ?
Thear 's slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, and blood upo' thoi
chin ' ;

' Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a run ;
Owd wench ! oiv been a-hunting, an' oiv seen some rattling
fun.

' Th' owd mare was i' the smithy when the huntsman, he
trots through,
Black Bill agate o' 'ammering the last nail in her shoe ;
The cuvver laid so wheam loik, and so jovial foin the day,
Says I, " Owd mare, we 'll tak a fling and see 'em go
away."

' When up, an' oi 'd got shut ov aw the hackney pads an'
traps,
'Orse dealers an' 'orse jockey lads, and such loik swaggering
chaps,
Then what a power o' gentlefolk did I set oies upon !
A-reining in their hunters, aw blood 'orses every one !

‘ They ’d aw got bookskin leathers on, a-fitten ’em so toight,
As roind an’ plump as turmits be, an’ just about as whoit ;
Their spurs wor maid o’ siller, and their buttons maid o’
brass,
Their coats wor red as carrots an’ their collurs green as grass.

‘ A varment looking gemman on a woiry tit I seed,
An’ another close besoid him, sitting noble on his steed ;
They ca’ them both owd codgers, but as fresh as paint they
look,
John Glegg, Esquoir, o’ Withington, an’ bowd Sir Richard
Brooke.

‘ I seed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best un o’ that breed,
His smoiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi’ him
agreed ;
I seed the ’Arl ov Grosvenor, a loikly lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly young broid.

‘ Zur Umferry de Trafford an’ the Squoir ov Arley Haw,
His pocket full o’ rigmarole, a rhoiming on ’em aw ;
Two Members for the Cointy, both aloik ca’d Egerton ;—
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks, they ’d aw
green collurs on.

‘ Eh ! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Astle Haw, Esquoir,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow in the
shoir ;

Squoir Wibraham o' the Forest, death and danger he
defoies,
When his coat be toightly button'd up, and shut be both
his oies.

' The Honorable Lazzles, who from forrin parts be cum,
An' a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the Honorable Tum ;
Squoir Fox an' Booth an' Worthington, Squoir Massey an'
Squoir Harne,
An' many more big sportsmen, but their neames I didna
larn.

' I seed that great commander in the saddle, Captain Whoit,
An' the pack as thrung'd about him was indeed a gradely
soight ;
The dugs look'd foin as satin, an' himsel look'd hard as nails,
An' he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo' their tails.

' Says he, " Young men o' Monchester an' Livverpoo, cum
near,
Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in your ear,
When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd Reynard
burst,
We canna 'ave no 'unting if the gemmen go it first."

' Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many another's
two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he 'd had a view ;

Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he shroik'd out
" Tally-ho ! "

For when the fox had seen Tom's feace he thoght it toim
to go.

' Eh moy ! a pratty jingle then went ringin' through the skoy,
Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry croy,
Then every maith was open from the oud 'un to the pup,
An' aw the pack together took the swellin' chorus up.

' Eh moy ! a pratty skouwer then was kick'd up in the vale,
They skim'd across the running brook, they topp'd the post
an' rail,
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play'd at touch an' go,
An' them as miss'd a footin' there, lay doubled up below.

' I seed the 'ounds a-crossing Farmer Flareup's boundary
loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany an' drinks whoit sherry
woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger and silk stockings on her feet ;
Says I, " It won't do him no harm to roid across his wheat."

' So, toightly houdin' on by th' yed, I hits th' owd mare a
whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o' the wheatfield neck an'
crop ;
An' when hoo floinder'd out on it I catch'd another spin,
An', missis, that 's the cagion o' the blood upo' my chin.

‘ I never ’oss’d another lep, but kep the lane, an’ then
In twenty minutes’ toim about they turn’d toart me agen ;
The fox was foinly daggled, and the tits aw out o’ breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an’ owd Dobbin seed the
death.

‘ Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntsman hove him up,
The dugs a-bayin’ roind him, while the gemman croid,
“ Whoo-hup ! ”
As doesome cawves lick fleetings out o’ th’ piggin in the
shed,
They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail an’ yed.

‘ Now, missis, sin the markets be a-doing moderate well,
Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag mysel ;
For to keep a farmer’s spirits up ’gen things be gettin’ low,
Theer ’s nothin’ loik Foxhuntin’ and a rattling Tally-ho ! ’

1853.

CHESHIRE JUMPERS

I

I ASK'D in much amazement, as I took my morning ride,
' What means this monster meeting, that collects at High-
wayside ?
Who are ye ? and what strange event this gathering crowd
excites ?
Are ye scarlet men of Babylon, or mounted Mormonites ? '

II

A bearded man on horseback answer'd blandly with a
smile,—
' Good sir, no Canters are we, though we canter many a
mile ;
Nor will you find a Ranter here amongst our merry crew,
Though if you seek a Roarer, there may chance be one or
two.

III

' With Shakers and with Quakers no connection, sir, have
we ;
We are not Plymouth Brothers, Cheshire Jumpers though
we be ;

'Tis mine between two champions bold to judge, if judge
I can,
And settle which, o'er hedge and ditch, will prove the
better man.

IV

' Mark well these two conditions, he who falls upon the
field,
Or he whose horse refuses twice, the victory must yield.'
As thus he spake he strok'd his beard, and bade the
champions go ;
His beard was black as charcoal, but their faces white as
snow.

V

The ladies wave their kerchiefs as the rival jumpers start,
A smile of such encouragement might nerve the faintest
heart ;
The crowd that follow'd after with good wishes cheer'd
them on,
Some cried, ' Stick to it, Thomas ' ; others shouted, ' Go
it, John ! '

VI

Awake to competition, and alive to any game,
From Manchester and Liverpool the speculators came ;
They calculated nicely every change of loss or gain ;
Some staked their cash on cotton, some preferr'd the sugar
cane.

L

VII

Bold Thomas took precedence, as a proper man to lead,
And straightway at a hedgerow cop he drove his gallant
steed ;
He 's off—he 's on—he 's over—is bold Thomas in his
seat ?
Yes, the rider 's in his saddle, and the horse is on his feet !

VIII

Make way for John ! the Leicester Don ! John clear'd it
far and wide,
And scornfully he smiled on it when landed t' other side ;
The prelude thus accomplish'd, without loss of life or limb,
John's backers, much embolden'd, offer two to one on him.

IX

Now John led off ; the choice again was fix'd upon a cop,
A rotten ditch in front of it, a rail upon the top ;
While shouts of ' Bono Johnny ! ' to the echoing hills were
sent,
He wink'd his eye, and at it, and right over it he went.

X

Hold him lightly, Thomas, lightly, give him freedom ere he
bound,
Why shape your course with so much force, to run yourself
aground ?

Thus against a Russian rampart goes a British cannon ball :
Were Thomas at Sebastopol, how speedily 'twould fall !

XI

Would you gain that proud pre-eminence on which your
rival stands,
Upraise your voice, uprouse your horse, but slacken both
your hands.—
'Tis vain, 'tis vain, his steed again stands planted in the
ditch ;
The game is o'er, he tries no more, who makes a second
hitch.

XII

Thus, unlike the wars of Lancaster and York, in days of
yore,
The Chester strife with Leicester unexpectedly was o'er ;
We else had learnt which method best insures us from a fall,
The Chester on-and-off step, or the Leicester, clearing all ?

XIII

Whether breeches white, or breeches brown, the more
adhesive be,
And which the more effectual spur, Champagne or Eau-
de-vie ?
These, alas ! and other problems which their progress had
reveal'd,
Remain unsettled questions for the future hunting field.

XIV

One lesson learn, young ladies all, who came to see the
show,

Remember, in the race of life, once only to say ' No ' ;

This moral, for your warning, to my ditty I attach,

May ye ne'er by two refusals altogether lose a match !

1854.

TARPORLEY HUNT SONG

I

THE Eagle won Jupiter's favour,
The Sparrow to Venus was dear,
The Owl of Minerva, though graver,
We want not its gravity here ;
The Swallow flies fast, but remember
The Swallow with Summer is gone,
What bird is there left in November
To rival the Tarporley Swan ?

II

Though scarlet in colour our clothing,
Our collars though green in their hue,
The red cap of liberty loathing,
Each man is at heart a True Blue ;
Through life 'tis our sworn resolution,
To stick to the pigskin and throne ;
We are all for a good constitution,
Each man taking care of his own.

III

The Sailor, who rides on the ocean,
With cheers may encounter the foe ;
Wind and steam, what are they to horse motion ?
Sea cheers, to a land Tally-ho ?

The canvas, the screw, and the paddle,
The speed of a thoroughbred lack,
When fast in the fox-hunting saddle,
We gallop astern of the pack.

IV

Quæsitum, that standard of merit,
Where each his true level may know,
Checks pride in the haughty of spirit,
Emboldens the timid and slow ;
The liquor that sparkles before us,
The dumb when they drink it can speak,
While the deaf in the roar of our chorus
A cure for their malady seek.

V

Forget not that other Red Jacket,
Turn'd up with green laurel and bay !
The tri-colour'd banners that back it !
The might of their mingled array !
Forget not the deeds that unite 'em
As comrades, though rivals in fame ;
But fill to the brim that quæsitum
Which Friendship and Chivalry claim.

WE ARE ALL OF US TAILORS IN TURN

I

I WILL sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout,
They shall tell their own tale who to-day were thrown out ;
For the fastest as well as the slowest of men,
Snobs or top-sawyers, alike now and then,
We are all of us tailors in turn.

II

Says one, ' From the cover I ne'er got away,
Old Quidnunc sat quoting the *Times* on his Grey,
How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aberdeen right,
And the hounds, ere he finish'd, were clean out of sight.'
We are all of us tailors in turn.

III

Says one, ' When we started o'er fallow and grass,
I was close at the tail of the hounds, but, alas !
We came down to a drain in that black-bottom'd fen,
If I had but been on my brook-jumper—O, then ! '—
We are all of us tailors in turn.

IV

‘ Dismounting,’ says one, ‘ at a gate that was fast,
 The crowd, pushing through, knock’d me down as it pass’d ;
 My horse seized the moment to take his own fling,
 Who ’ll again do, out hunting, a good-natured thing ! ’

We are all of us tailors in turn.

V

‘ Down the lane went I merrily sailing along,
 Till I found,’ says another, ‘ my course was all wrong ;
 I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth lay,
 But he went, I ’ve heard since, just the opposite way.’

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VI

From the wine-cup o’ernight some were sorry and sick
 Some skirted, some cran’d, and some rode for a nick ;
 Like whales, in the water some flounder’d about,
 Thrown off and thrown in, they were also thrown out.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VII

‘ You will find in the field a whole ton of lost shoes,’—
 A credulous blacksmith, believing the news,
 Thought his fortune were made if he walk’d o’er the
 ground ;—

He lost a day’s work, but he ne’er a shoe found !

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VIII

What deeds would one hero have done on his Grey,
Who was nowhere at all on his Chestnut to-day !
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jest is loved best which is aim'd at conceit.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

IX

Good fellows there are, unpretending and slow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er mean to go ;
But, when the run 's over, these oftentimes tell
The story far better than they who went well.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

X

How trifling a cause will oft lose us a run !
From the find to the finish how few see the fun !
A mischance it is call'd when we come to a halt ;—
I ne'er heard of one who confess'd it a fault,

Yet we 're all of us tailors in turn.

M

A WORD ERE WE START

I

Boys, to the hunting-field ! though 'tis November,
The wind 's in the south ;—but a word ere we start.—
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting 's a science, and riding an art.

II

The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase—
Huntsman and Whip, each his own proper station,
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.

III

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;
The horse is an animal purposely bred
After the pack to be ridden, not *over*—
Good hounds are not rear'd to be knock'd on the head.

IV

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breastplate and bridle, girth, stirrup, and chain ;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well bitted,
One hand lightly used will suffice for the rein.

V

Buckskin 's the only wear fit for the saddle ;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase ;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,
The calves of a fox-hunter white ones incase.

VI

If your horse be well bred and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head straight !

VII

Pastime for princes !—prime sport of our nation !
Strength in their sinew and bloom on their cheek ;
Health to the old, to the young recreation ;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

VIII

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful ;—
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat ;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful !
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet !

HARD-RIDING DICK

I

FROM the cradle his name has been ' Hard-riding Dick,'
Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled a stick ;
Since the time when, unbreech'd, without saddle or rein,
He kick'd the old jackass along the green lane.

II

Dick, wasting no time o'er the classical page,
Spent his youth in the stable without any wage ;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter'd his teens,
Was to sleep in the hayloft and breakfast on beans.

III

Promoted at length, Dick's adventures began :—
A stripling on foot, but when mounted a man ;
Capp'd, booted, and spurr'd, his young soul was on fire,
The day he was dubb'd ' Second Whip ' to the Squire.

IV

See, how Dick, like a dart, shoots ahead of the pack !
How he stops, turns, and twists, rates, and rattles them back !

The laggard exciting, controlling the rash,
He can comb down a hair with the point of his lash.

V

O ! show me that country which Dick cannot cross—
Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,
Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the squall,
By daylight or starlight, or no light at all !

VI

Like a swallow can Dick o'er the water-flood skim,
And Dick, like a duck, in the saddle can swim ;
Up the steep mountain-side like a cat he can crawl,
He can squeeze like a mouse through a hole in the wall !

VII

He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old,
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold ;
Sharp steel or soft-sawder, whiche'er does the trick,
It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

VIII

Bid the chief from the Desert bring hither his mare,
To ride o'er the plain against Dick if he dare ;
Bring Cossack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,
There 's a Dick in our village will ride round them all !

IX

A whip is Dick's sceptre, a saddle Dick's throne,
And a horse is the kingdom he rules as his own ;
While grasping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.

X

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs, and one arm,
But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-charm ;
Still long odds are offer'd that Dick, when he drops,
Will die, as he lived, in his breeches and tops.



THREE RIBS HATH HE BROKEN, TWO LEGS, AND ONE ARM,
BUT THERE HANGS, IT IS SAID, ROUND HIS NECK A LIFE-CHARM.

WARD-RIDING DICK.

COUNT WARNOFF

I

WHEN the war with our Muscovite foemen was o'er,
Then the *Offs* and the *Koffs* came to visit our shore ;
Their hard and stern features your heart would appal,
But the face of Count Warnoff was sternest of all ;

A terrible man was Count Warnoff !

As cold as the snow

That envelops *Moscow*

Was the heart of this horrid Count Warnoff !

II

Woe ! woe ! to the sport of the fox-hunting Squire
When the Count set his foot in this peaceable shire !
So clean his own hands, his own morals so strict,
A hole in each Redcoat he presently pick'd ;

Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff !

Without speck of dirt

You must ride with clean skirt

If the wrath you 'd avert of Count Warnoff !

III

The Count could not tolerate foible or folly,
He never made love, and he never got jolly ;

He vow'd that fox-hunting he 'd have at no price
Unless horses and men were alike free from vice ;
Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff !
We must all be good boys
Or farewell to the joys
Of the chase, if we nettle Count Warnoff !

IV

Low whisper'd the huntsman (lest mischief befall him),
' I don't like the look of that Count What-d' ye-call-
him ' ;
Tom wink'd his blind eye as he lifted his cap,
' He 's a rum 'un, sir, ain't he, that Muscovy chap ? '
Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff !
Not a brush, nor a pad
In the shire could be had,
Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff !

V

He lock'd all the gates and he wired all the gaps,
And the woods were all planted with spikes and steel traps ;
No more the earth stoppers were dragg'd their warm beds
off,
The nags in the stable stood eating their heads off ;
Such a terrible man was Count Warnoff !
Little children grew pale
As their nurse told the tale
Of this terrible ogre, Count Warnoff !

VI

Cheer up, my good fellows, Count Warnoff is gone !
Gone back to the banks of the Volga and Don ;
He may warn us, and welcome, from off his own snow,
 From the land where no foxhunter wishes to go ;
 But to bother our pack
 May he never come back
To this peaceable county, Count Warnoff !

1857.

LE GROS-VENEUR

SUNG AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING,
NOVEMBER 1858

I

A MIGHTY great hunter in deed and in name
To our shire long ago with the Conqueror came ;
A-hunting he went with his bugle and bow,
And he shouted in Normandy-French ' Tally-ho ! '
*The man we now place at the head of our Chase
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur !*

II

'Tis a maxim by fox-hunters well understood,
That in horses and hounds there is nothing like blood ;
So the chief who the fame of our kennel maintains
Should likewise be born with good blood in his veins !
*The man we now place at the head of our Chase
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur !*

III

Old and young with delight shall the Gros-Veneur greet,
The field once again in good fellowship meet,

The shire with one voice shall re-echo our choice,
And again the old pastime all Cheshire rejoice !

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chase be Le Gros-Veneur !*

IV

Though no more, as of yore, a long-bow at his back,
Now a Gros-Veneur guides us and governs our pack ;
Again let each earth stopper rise from his bed,
This year they shall all be well fee'd and well fed.

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chase be Le Gros-Veneur !*

V

Let Geoffrey with smiles and with shillings restore
Good humour when housewives their poultry deplore,
Well pleased, for each goose on which Reynard has prey'd
To find in their pockets a golden egg laid !

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chase be Le Gros-Veneur !*

VI

Should our Chief with the toil of the senate grow pale,
The elixir of life is a ride o'er the vale ;
There of health, says the song, he shall gain a new stock,
Till his pulse beats the seconds as true as a clock.'

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chase be Le Gros-Veneur !*

VII

I defy Norman-dy now to send a Chasseur
Who can ride alongside of our own Gros-Veneur !
And, couching my lance, I will challenge all France
To outvie the bright eye of the LADY CONSTANCE !
*Long, long, may she grace with her presence our Chase,
The Bride and the Pride of Le Gros-Veneur !*



THE ELIXIR OF LIFE IS A RIDE O'ER THE VALE.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT WITH THE CHESHIRE

5TH FEBRUARY 1859

I

By the side of Poole cover last Saturday stood
A hundred good horses, both cocktail and blood ;
Nor long stood they idle, three deep in array,
Ere Reynard by Edwards was hollo'd away.

II

Away ! over meadow, away ! over plough,
Away ! down the dingle, away ! up the brow ;
' If you like not that fence, sir, get out of the way,
If one minute you lose you may lose the whole day.'

III

Away ! through the evergreens,—laurel and box,
They may screen a cock robin but not a run fox ;
As he pass'd the henroost at the Rookery Hall,
' Excuse me,' said Pug, ' I have no time to call.'

IV

The rail to our left and the river in front
Into two rival parties now sever'd the hunt ;
I will tell by and by which were right and which wrong,
Meanwhile let us follow the fox with our song.

V

Away ! to the Weaver, whose banks are soft sand,
' Look out, boys, ahead, there 's a horse-bridge at hand.'
One by one the frail plank we cross'd cautiously o'er,
I had time just to count that we number'd a score.

VI

Though fast fox and hounds, there were men, by my troth,
Whose ambition it was to go faster than both ;
If that grey in the skurry escap'd a disaster
Little thanks the good animal ow'd to its master.

VII

Now Hornby went crashing through bullfinch and rail
With Brancker beside him on Murray's rat tail ;
Two green collars only were seen in this flight,
Squire Warburton one, and the other John White.

VIII

Where was Massey, who found us the fox that we run ?
Where Philip the father ? where Philip the son ?

Where was Grosvenor our Guide ? where was bold
Shrewsberie ?

We had with us one *Earle*, how I wished we 'd had three !

IX

Where Talbot ? where Lyon ? though sailing away
They were both sadly out of their bearings that day ;
Where Lascelles, De Trafford, Brooke, Corbet and Court ?
They must take return tickets if bent upon sport.

X

Now hark'ee, Squire Starkie, I 'll tell you a dodge,
It is all very well with a trainer to lodge,
But since trainers that day were all laid on the shelf,
Ne'er again, when out hunting, turn trainer yourself.

XI

Sailors, railers and tailors ! what can you now do ?
If you hope to nick in, the next station is Crewe ;
Second-class well dispers'd, it was only class first
Which, escaping the boiler, came in for the burst !

XII

Away ! with red rowel, away ! with slack rein
For twenty-five minutes to Wistaston Lane,
Where a check gave relief both to rider and horse,
Where again the split field reunited its force.

XIII

From that point we turn'd back and continued our
chase

To the gorse where we found, but more sober the pace ;
Reynard, skirting Poole Hall, trying sand-earth and drain,
Was at length by the pack, who deserv'd him, o'erta'en.

XIV

While they worry their fox a short word I would say,
Of advice to those riders who rode the wrong way,
Who were forc'd to put up with skim-milk for their fun,
For the skurry had skimm'd off the cream of the run :

XV

' As a coverside hack you may prudently stick
To the line of the rail, it is easy and quick ;
But when fox and fast hounds on a skurry are bent
The line you should stick to is that of the scent.'

THOMPSON'S TRIP TO EPSOM

I

KIND friends ! delighted Thompson ! the night he came
to town

They said : ' If up to Epsom, we will call and take you down.'
Next morn, ere Boots awoke him, there was seen at Thompson's door

The coach the ladies sat in and the satin that they wore.

II

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! how could he his
bacon save,

How cut his mutton chops up when his own he could not
shave ?

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! ' Waiter, say we cannot
wait ' ;

Thus fated by these fast ones to fast upon a fête !

III

' We 're full inside, for empties there 's an empty dicky free,'
Alas ! ere long with Thompson's heart all dicky it will be ;
A veil of gauze kept off the dust, but how could it avail
To screen him from a smile which would have pierc'd a
coat of mail ?

O

IV

Forgetting soon his breakfast spoon he takes a spoony turn,
His heart feels hot within him like the heater in an urn ;
"Twixt cup and lip, a sudden slip to Beauty from Bohea,
His tea no more he misses, thinks no more of Mrs. T.

V

They needs must have a lottery upon the Derby day,
Fair fingers cut the tickets, so of course it was fair play ;
His Lordship draws the favourite, returns the ladies thanks,
Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! so they hand him all
the blanks.

VI

Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! it was whisper'd in a
tone
Which meant, if words a meaning have, ' How hungry we
are grown ! '
Poor Thompson sigh'd as they untied the hamper, Thomp-
son's sigh,
Say was it for his ladie-love or for the pigeon pie ?

VII

Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! looking down he
now surveys
The fair insiders filling their inside with mayonnaise ;

The Ladies and his Lordship tearing chickens limb from limb,
So merry o'er the merry thought ! no merry thought for him !

VIII

Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! ' Super-excellent this ham.'
Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! ' What a tender bit of lamb.'
Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! ' Now a glass of sweet champagne.'
Poor Thompson 's had no breakfast ! ' May I trouble you again ? '

IX

For the luncheon stakes disqualified was Thompson, they declare,
A stomach twice as empty as their own would not be fair ;
On nought save beauty feasting, his blow-out was but a sigh,
His breakfast was all gammon and his luncheon all my eye !

X

At length he spoke : ' A joke 's a joke, but this no joke I call,
' In you,' he said, ' 'tis too ill-bred, in me no bread at all ;
The stakes you 've won, to end the fun, although the odds be great
With four to one against me, I will enter for the plate.

XI

' You 've done at last your own repast, you 've drain'd the
bottles dry,
Let Thompson from the hamper scrape his meal of humble
pie.'
Then with two rejected drumsticks on the hollow dish he
drums,
And chirps are heard as dicky-bird picks up the scatter'd
crumbs.

XII

Once more at home, see ! Thompson in his breakfast
parlour chair,
He knew better than to quarrel with his bread and butter
there ;
He told his wife how long a fast his stomach had sustain'd,
But he never nam'd the fast one who his aching heart had
pain'd.

TARPORLEY HUNT SONG

1859

I

NAMES, honour'd of old, on our Club-book enroll'd,
It were shame should their successors slight 'em,
They who Horace could quote, and who first of all wrote
On our Tarporley glasses ' Quæsitum ' ;
 O, famous Quæsitum !
 Famous in story Quæsitum !
There has pass'd very nigh a full century by
Since our fathers first fill'd a Quæsitum.

II

Old Bacchus so jolly, who hates melancholy,
Our founders, how can he requite 'em ?
From the land of the vine let the best of his wine
Be reserv'd to o'erflow the Quæsitum !
 O, famous Quæsitum !
 Jolly Bacchus, fill up the Quæsitum !
Whether claret or port, it must be the best sort,
If it fit be to fill a Quæsitum.

III

The goblet, methinks, from which Jupiter drinks,
 With thunder-cheer *ter repetitum*,
 Since when Juno was gone he turn'd into the Swan,
 Should be chang'd for a crystal Quæsitum ;
 O, famous Quæsitum !
 Fit for Olympus, Quæsitum !
 Cup-bearer Hebe, how happy would she be
 With nectar to fill a Quæsitum.

IV

Those who dar'd with rude eye at Diana to spy,
 She unkennel'd her pack to affright 'em ;
 She who smiles with delight on our banquet to-night,
 Bids us fill to the chase a Quæsitum ;
 Fill, fill the Quæsitum !
 To the heart-stirring chase a Quæsitum !
 She who sheds her bright beam upon fountain and
 stream
 With her smile shall make bright the Quæsitum.

V

One bright bumper still let all fox-hunters fill,
 'Tis a toast that will fondly excite 'em,
 Since the brave can alone claim the fair as their own,
 Let us drink to our loves a Quæsitum ;

TARPORLEY HUNT SONG

III

Fill, fill the Quæsitum !

A glowing o'erflowing Quæsitum !

From Beauty's sweet lip he who kisses would sip,
With his own must first kiss the Quæsitum.

VI

Again ere I end, all who foxes befriend,

Let a bumper thrice honour'd delight 'em,

May the forward and fast still be up at the last !

Give the slow ones another Quæsitum ;

Fill, fill the Quæsitum !

To good fellows all a Quæsitum !

Let him fast be or slow, each shall prove ere we go,

An excuse for another Quæsitum.

THE LOVE-CHACE

FOND Lover ! pining night and day,
Come listen to a hunter's lay ;
The craft of each is to pursue,
Then learn from hunting how to woo.

It matters not to eager hound
The cover where the fox is found,
Whether he o'er the open fly,
Or echoing woods repeat his cry ;
And when the welcome shout says ' Gone !'
Then we, whate'er the line, rush on.
Seen seated in the banquet hall,
Or view'd afoot at midnight ball,
Whene'er the beating of your heart
Proclaims a find, that moment start !

If silence best her humour suit,
Then make at first the running mute ;
But if to mirth inclin'd, give tongue
In spoken jest or ditty sung ;
Let laughter and light prattle cheer
The love-chace, when the maid is near ;

When absent, fancy must pursue
Her form, and keep her face in view ;
Fond thoughts must like the busy pack
Unceasingly her footsteps track.

The doubt, the agony, the fear,
Are fences rais'd for you to clear ;
Push on through pique, rebuff, and scorn,
As hunters brush through hedge of thorn ;
On dark despondency still look
As hunters on a yawning brook,
If for one moment on the brink
You falter, in you fall—and sink.

Though following fast the onward track,
Turn quickly when she doubles back ;
Whenever check'd, whenever crost,
Still never deem the quarry lost ;
Cast forward first, if that should fail,
A backward cast may chance avail ;
Cast far and near, cast all around,
Leave not untried one inch of ground.

Should envious rival at your side
Cling, jostling as you onward ride,
Then let not jealousy deter,
But use it rather as a spur ;
Outstrip him ere he interfere,
And splash the dirt in his career.

With other nymphs avoid all flirting,
Those hounds are hang'd that take to skirting ;
Of Cupid's angry lash beware,
Provoke him not to cry ' Ware hare ' ;
That winged whipper-in will rate
Your riot if you run not straight.

Though Reynard, with unwearied flight,
Should run from dawn till dusky night,
However swift, however stout,
Still perseverance tires him out ;
And never yet have I heard tell
Of maiden so inflexible,
Of one cast in so hard a mould,
So coy, so stubborn, or so cold,
But courage, constancy, and skill
Could find a way to win her still ;
Though at the find her timid cry
Be ' No ! No ! No ! indeed not I,'
The finish ever ends in this,
Proud beauty caught, at last says ' Yes.'

Hunters may range the country round,
And balk'd of sport no fox be found ;
A blank the favourite gorse may prove,
But maiden's heart, when drawn for love
(Their gracious stars let Lovers thank),
Was ne'er, when drawn aright, drawn blank.

If any could, that Goddess fair,
Diana, might have scap'd the snare ;
That cunning huntress might have laugh'd,
If any could, at Cupid's shaft ;
Still, though reluctant to submit,
That tiny shaft the Goddess hit ;
And on the mountain top, they say,
Endymion stole her heart away.

Bear this in mind throughout the run,
' Faint heart fair lady never won ' ;
Those cravens are thrown out who swerve,
' None but the brave the fair deserve.'

Success will aye the Lover crown,
If guided by these rules laid down ;
Then little Cupid, standing near,
Shall greet him with a lusty cheer ;
And Hymen, that old huntsman, loop
The couples, while he shouts ' Who-hoop ! '

A RECOLLECTION

I WELL remember in my youthful day,
When first of love I felt the inward smart,
My fellow hunters, eager all to start,
One morn I follow'd, lingering by the way,
Heedless of sport, for with unwonted sway
That secret grief lay heavy on my heart ;
Till a voice whisper'd me, ere day depart
Thy lov'd one thou shalt see. Away ! away !
The chase began, I shar'd its maddening glee,
And rode amid the foremost in that run,
Whose end, far distant, Love had well foretold.
Her dwelling lay betwixt my home and me ;
Still on the horizon's verge the setting sun
Ting'd, as we met, her blushing cheeks with gold.

EGERTON WARBURTON'S NOTES TO THE HUNTING SONGS

NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

Wells in the saddle is seated.

WELLS was a huntsman of the old school, whose like is seldom seen in these degenerate days. He appears to have adopted the maxim of the old Cornish huntsman—'Master finds horse, and I find neck.' He doated upon every hound in his pack, with as much fondness as a father feels for his children. In the course of his career he fractured his ribs twice, and broke his collar-bone seven times. After living six-and-thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordshire Hounds, during twenty-four of which he hunted them himself, he came to Mr. Wicksted, with whom he remained during the eleven years that he hunted the Woore Country. He was then engaged by Sir Thomas Boughy, and died in his service, 30th March 1847.

NOTE 2, PAGE 2.

The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Davenham; the Rev. James Tomkinson (the Squire of Dorfold); and Major (now Colonel) Tomkinson of the Willingtons.

NOTE 3, PAGE 3.

The Ford they call Charlie.

Charles Ford, Esq., was at that time one of the most active members of the Gorse Cover Committee.

NOTE 4, PAGE 5.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley.

Charles Wicksted, Esq., the hero of this song, hunted the Woore Country from the year 1825 to the year 1836.

It was ever Mr. Wicksted's chief delight to know that his hounds had afforded a good day's sport to his friends, though no one enjoyed a Run more keenly, or described one with more enthusiasm, than himself. The 'Woore Country' was written in the year 1830, in reply to a song called the 'Cheshire Hunt,' of which Mr. Wicksted was the author.

NOTE 5, PAGE 6.

Our glass a quæsitum.

At the Tarporley Hunt Meeting, all toasts considered worthy of the honour are drunk in a 'quæsitum,' a name given to the glasses from the inscription they bear, 'quæsitum meritis.'

NOTE 6, PAGE 8.

He rides you may swear in a collar of green.

A scarlet coat with a green collar is the uniform worn by the members of the Tarporley Hunt. The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, and their first meeting was on the 14th of November in that year. Hare Hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept Harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Hunt kept hounds, or it were inconvenient to Masters to bring them, it is ordered by the 8th Rule that a 'Pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society.'

Their uniform was a blue frock with plain yellow metal buttons, scarlet velvet cape and double-breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up. A scarlet saddle-cloth bound singly with blue, and the front of the bridle lapt with scarlet.

Sportsmen nowadays are still abed at the hour when their forefathers were at the Coverside. The 3rd Rule declares that 'The Harriers shall never wait for any member after eight o'clock in the morning.'

According to Rule 9, Three collar bumpers were to be drunk after dinner, and the same after supper; after that every member might do as he pleased in regard to drinking. By another Rule it is enacted that every member on his marriage present to each member of the Hunt a pair of well-stitched buckskin breeches, the cost of which was at that time one guinea a pair.

It appears that they commenced Foxhunting about the year 1769,

as at that time an alteration in the Rule regarding the Collar Toasts orders that, instead of three collar glasses only one shall be drunk, *except a fox is killed above ground*, and then another collar glass shall be drunk to Foxhunting. It was also at that time voted that the Hunt change their uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock sleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve have no buttons; in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red saddle-cloth be bound with green instead of blue, and the fronts of the bridle to remain the same.

As to the Hunt Races, the earliest notice of them in the Racing Calendar is in the year 1776. Until the enclosure of Delamere Forest, they were held on that part of it called Crabtree Green.

According to their signatures in the Club Book, the names of the original members, the founders of the Club in 1762, were as follows :—

Obadiah Lane.	Edw. Emily.
J. Crewe.	Rich. Walthall.
Booth Grey.	R. S. Cotton.
Henry Mainwaring.	R. Wilbraham.
George Wilbraham.	

The subsequent members were elected by ballot. This, probably the oldest Hunt Club that exists in England, still continues to prosper, and to retain, amongst the gentry of Cheshire, and the neighbouring counties, the same popularity that it has invariably enjoyed since its establishment.

NOTE 7, PAGE 9.

Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe!

A gorse cover belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The Run mentioned in the song took place on the 16th February 1833.

NOTE 8, PAGE 9.

The Willington mare.

The property of Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons. She was staked during the Run and died the next day.

NOTE 9, PAGE 9.

To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.

The Rev. James Tomkinson of Dorfold.

NOTE 10, PAGE 10.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France.

Mr. Brittain of Chester. Mr. France of Bostock Hall.

NOTE 11, PAGE 10.

Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the nation.

Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

NOTE 12, PAGE 10.

The Maiden who rides like a man.

Joe Maiden was huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds from the year 1832 to 1845. In that capacity, as far as my experience extends, I have never seen his equal. He was, moreover, as pleasant a companion to ride home with after a Run as any gentleman could desire.

NOTE 13, PAGE 10.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried.

Sir H. Mainwaring, who was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds for a period of nineteen years.

NOTE 14, PAGE 10.

Come along, little Rowley.

Mr. Warburton of Arley.

NOTE 15, PAGE 10.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd 'who-hoop.'

Baron Osten, a Hanoverian, long distinguished as an officer in the English service. His hunting accident, and miraculous escape from a lion in the East Indies, are well known :—

'By the king of the forest, out hunting one day,
The Baron was captured and carried away ;
The king in his turn by the hunt was beset,
Or the *Baron* had been but a *Baron-cat*.'

NOTE 16, PAGE 11.

Oh! where and oh! where was the Wistaston steed?

The property of Mr. Hammond of Wistaston.

NOTE 17, PAGE 11.

The Cestrian chestnut.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE 18, PAGE 11.

Where now is Dollgosh? Where the racer from Da'enham?

'Dollgosh,' belonging to Mr. Ford, and the 'Racer,' to Mr. James Tomkinson of Davenham, were each ridden by their owners.

NOTE 19, PAGE 13.

*Brown Forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore
From Kellsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore.*

'The District extending from the banks of the Mersey to the South boundary of the late Forest was designated as the Forest of Mara, whilst that of Mondrem stretched in the direction of Nantwich.

'It appears from Doomsday, that the attention of the Earls of

Chester, in the taste of the sovereigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming chases for their diversion. The Earl's Forest is noticed in several instances, and it likewise appears that it was not only formed of lands then found waste, but that several villis had been afforested for the express purpose of adding to its limits.'—Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 50.

NOTE 20, PAGE 13.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize.

'The Master-Forestership of the whole was conferred by Randle 1., in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Kingsley, to hold the same by tenure of a horn.'—Ormerod, vol. ii. p. 50.

Amongst the list of claims asserted by the Master-Forester are the following :—

'And claymeth to have the latter pannage in the said Forest, and claymeth to have windfallen wood. . . .

'He claymeth to have all money for agiftment of hogs within the said Forest. . . .

'And as to wayfe, he claymeth to have every wayfe and stray beast as his own, after proclamation shall be made and not challenged as the manner is.'—Ormerod, vol. ii. p. 52.

NOTE 21, PAGE 14.

Whene'er his liege lord chose ahunting to ride.

'Cheshire tradition asserts that the ancient foresters were bound to use this horn, and attend in their office with two white greyhounds, whenever the Earl was disposed to honour the Forest of Delamere with his presence in the chase.'—Ormerod, vol. ii. p. 55.

NOTE 22, PAGE 14.

It pass'd from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

The Dones of Utkinton succeeded the Kingsleys as Chief-Foresters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Forestership passed to Richard Arderne, and through him to the Lords Alvanley.

NOTE 23, PAGE 14.

Thou Palatine prophet! whose fame I revere.

Robert Nixon was born in the parish of Over. 'The birth of this individual,' says Ormerod, 'has been assigned to the time of Edward the Fourth, but a second story also exists, which refers him to the time of James the First; a date palpably false, as many of the supposed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period.'

'He is said to have attracted the Royal notice by foretelling in Cheshire the result of the Battle of Bosworth, on recovering from sudden stupor with which he was seized while the battle was fighting in Leicestershire, and to have been sent for to Court shortly afterwards, where he was starved (or, to use his own expression, clemmed) to death through forgetfulness, in a manner which he himself had predicted.'

NOTE 24, PAGE 15.

'A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs!'

Amongst the prophecies of Nixon are the following :—

'There shall be a miller named Peter,
With two heels on one foot.' . . .

'A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand,
Who shall hold three Kings' horses,
Whilst England is three times won and lost in one day,
But after this shall be happy days.'

'Twenty hundred horses shall want masters,
Till their girths rot under their bellies.'

NOTE 25, PAGE 15.

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show fight.

King James' diversion on the Forest of Delamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus described in Webb's Itinerary :—

'Making the house of Vale Royal four days his royal court, he solaced himself and took pleasing entertainment in his disports in the forest. . . . And where his Majesty, the day following,

had such successful pleasure in the hunting of his own hounds of a stag to death, as it pleased him graciously to calculate the hours, and confer with the keepers, and his honourable attendants, of the particular events in that sport, and to question them whether they ever saw or heard of the like expedition, and true performance of hounds well hunting. At which his Highness Princely contentment we had much cause to rejoice; and the rather for that the diligence and service of Sir John Done had so prosperously prepared his Majesty's sports, which he also as graciously accepted.'

NOTE 26, PAGE 16.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught foxhounds to skurry.

For an account of the race over the Newmarket Course, between Bluecap, Wanton, and two hounds belonging to Mr. Meynell, for five hundred guineas, see Daniel's *Rural Sports*, vol. i. p. 115.

NOTE 27, PAGE 16.

Behold! in the soil of our forest once more.

By the Act of Parliament for the enclosure of Delamere Forest, passed in 1812, one moiety of the whole is allotted to the share of the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, as a nursery for timber only.

NOTE 28, PAGE 16.

Where, 'twixt the whalebones, the widow sat down.

Marie Hollingsworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere Forest she constructed for herself a hut, and resided there during several years.

NOTE 29, PAGE 18.

Save at the Swan.

The Swan is the name of the inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE 30, PAGE 18.

France! ten to one.

The Half-bred Stakes at Tarporley had for the ten years previous to 1834, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France of Bostock.

NOTE 31, PAGE 19.

Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down.

At one end of the dining room at Tarporley is hung a portrait of the Hon. J. S. Barry, by Crank, and at the other, one of the late Sir Peter Warburton, by Beechey.

NOTE 32, PAGE 21.

A Bedford, a Gloster, to life we restore.

Bedford, Gloster, Nelson, and Victory were the names of hounds in the Cheshire kennel.

NOTE 33, PAGE 22.

Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt.

‘Image of war without its guilt.’—SOMERVILE.

NOTE 34, PAGE 24.

The tent of the Bey.

This tent was brought by Lord Hill from Egypt. It originally belonged to the famous Murad Bey.

NOTE 35, PAGE 25.

We’ve an Eyton could prove to the Switzer.

The prize given by Lord Hill was won by Miss Eyton.

NOTE 36, PAGE 30.

'The Picture of the Cheshire Hunt,' purchased by Wilbraham Egerton, Esq., now hangs in the hall at Tatton.

NOTE 37, PAGE 32.

'The Breeches.'

This cover, pre-eminent above all the gorses in the county for the sport it has shown, belongs to John Tollemache, Esq.

NOTE 38, PAGE 40.

Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

'This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Russia towards the North. Linnæus lamented that he could hardly preserve it alive in a greenhouse; and so rare is it in many parts of Germany, that Dillenius, their botanist, was in perfect ecstasy when he first visited England, and saw our commons covered with the gay flowers of the furze bush.'—Phillips' *Sylva Florifera*.

NOTE 39, PAGE 43.

The Tantivy Trot.

This song was written in the year 1834, at the request of Charles Ford, Esq., for Cracknell, the Coachman of the Birmingham Tantivy who once drove it at a sitting one hundred and twenty-five miles. Some years after I saw it printed in an article by Nimrod in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and attributed by him to a young 'Cantab.

NOTE 40, PAGE 45.

The Spectre Stag.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, there entitled *La Chapelle de la Forêt*.

The tale of a forest phantom, we are told by Sir W. Scott, in the Preface to his translation of the *Wild Jager*, is universally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the subject of poetry, but the final catastrophe to the Baron's hunting career, thus described in the legend, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned elsewhere:—

'Voyant le chasseur noir s'avancer droit à lui, il sonna du cor pour appeler ses gens : mais il le fit avec une telle force que les veines se crevèrent ; il tomba mort de son cheval. Ses descendants firent bâtir en cet endroit une chapelle où ils fondèrent un bénéfice.'

NOTE 41, PAGE 46.

*On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.*

The ghost of another *chasseur*, whose history is given in the same collection, makes the following confession:—

'J'ai fait enchaîner et river sur des cerfs plus de cent des malheureux braconniers, les faisant poursuivre par mes chiens jusqu'à ce qu'ils tombassent quelque part, et que le malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'âme au milieu des tourmens.'

NOTE 42, PAGE 54.

Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail.

'Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme.'—POPE.

NOTE 43, PAGE 64.

Tarwood.

The Run which I have attempted to describe took place on the 24th of December 1845. The Heythrop Hounds were kept by Lord Redesdale. The 'Jem' mentioned in the poem is Jem Hill the Huntsman, and Jack Goddard and Charles are the whips. 'The peculiar feature of this Run,' says Mr. Whippy, 'was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Boys-Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to

point is from 15 to 16 miles, and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least 20 miles. Time, 1 hour and 42 minutes.'

NOTE 44, PAGE 74.

A sketch of this seat was made for the author in the year 1833, and the original then existed in the garden of General Moore, at Hampton Court.

NOTE 45, PAGE 80.

This strange match, so hastily made and so quickly decided, took place on the Friday of the Tarporley Hunt Week 1854. The competitors were Thomas Langford Brooke, of Mere, Esq., and John Sidebottom, of Harewood, Esq. Davenport Bromley, Esq., was Umpire.

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